A

LETTER

FROM A

BRITISH OFFICER

Now in GERMANY:

CONTAINING

MANY INTERESTING PARTICULARS
Relative to the

CONSIDERATIONS:

Humbly recommended to the Perusal of the LEGISLATURE, and of every free-born BRITON.

The mountain laboured, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. De HONDT, in the Strand. MDCCLXI.

[Price One Shilling.]

Rm 2027.61.5800

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A

LETTER

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BRITISH OFFICER

Now in GERMANY.

SIR,

I THANK you, moſt ſincerely, for your packet of political pamphlets: I was always a dabler in theſe matters, and you may eaſily ſuppoſe they were particularly acceptable to me at this time. The want of books, is indeed a terrible affair; but it is all for the good of our country, you know, and that is ſufficient.

I have read the *Conſiderations* with great attention, and am not at all ſurpriſed at their having made ſo much noiſe in England, nor that this pamphlet has had the power to make the weather cock point diametrically oppoſite to its former poſition. The politi-

cal principles of moſt Engliſhmen are entirely under the influence of pamphlets and news papers; they are either too indolent, or too ſtupid to reaſon for themſelves. As to my opinion of this grand, and really important affair, I will write it down occaſionally as the duty may allow, and will tranſmit it by my own lieutenant, who has got leave to return to England, as ſoon as we have any proſpect of being peaceably ſettled in our winter quarters: but your other requeſt, I think, cannot ſafely be complied with. To reaſon on the conduct of our ſuperiors, is often unjuſtifiable, and always imprudent: not that I have the leaſt doubt of your ſecrecy or friendſhip, but letters are expoſed to many accidents. However, it is not impoſſible but I may blab a little before I have done; but for Heaven's ſake, let me beg of you to burn the ſcroll the moment you have read it.

It is my opinion, that theſe Conſiderations were not wanting to convince the ſhrewd part of my fellow country-men, that our preſent connections here on the continent, are attended with very aukward circumſtances.

Nothing

Nothing can be more true, than that this army is ſupported at a moſt intolerable expence to England; an expence, which we cannot poſſibly continue much longer, without certain ruin; yet, however intolerable it is, if, upon enquiry, it ſhould appear to be unavoidable, it would be extremely unjuſt to cenſure the miniſtry.

Let me reflect a little.——France, not ſatisfied with her poſſeſſions in America, thought proper to encroach upon her neighbour, at a time when they were ſuppoſed to be friends. If a private man had acted in this manner, we ſhould have been apt to think him a ſcoundrel; but, as it was the act of a nation, it was nothing more than a ſtroke of politics. Be that as it may, we not chuſing to relinquiſh our lands, for no other reaſon, than becauſe they happened to lie convenient for our natural enemy, fell to taking of their ſhips, becauſe they would give us no other ſatisfaction: declarations of war ſucceeded, and ſo we went to loggerheads in earneſt. This I think is a true hiſtory of the cauſe of the preſent war between France and England. We will now take a retro-

ſpective view of what gave riſe to the quarrel between our former faithful female ally, and our preſent great hero.

It is well known, that ſhe ceded the poſſeſſion of Sileſia to him, ſorely againſt her will, and with a determined reſolution to have it back again as ſoon as ever it ſhould be in her power. With this view ſhe endeavoured to bring her finances into proper condition, and to improve the diſcipline of her troops. She then, by flattering promiſes, perſuaded the poor K. of Poland to engage in her project, of totally cruſhing his mighty neighbour, to which he the more eaſily conſented, becauſe of an old grudge, and becauſe he was in continual apprehenſions for his hereditary dominions. But the ſagacious victim of their reſentment happened to diſcover the plot, before it was quite ripe for execution, and ſo took care to be beforehand with them.

Hence it appears that the war between France and England, and that between Pruſſia and Auſtria, were originally entirely independent of each other. I believe it were

were ſincerely to be wiſhed that they had continued ſo. Though I am a ſoldier of fortune, and have no reaſon to expect preferment but from action, I cannot help being of opinion that our alliance with this great man was a very unfortunate one, and that we ſhould have brought the French to terms much ſooner if we had continued unconnected. As to ſuppoſing that if we had not ſupported the K. of P. he would have been cruſhed by the united power of France and Auſtria, it is extreamly abſurd: for nothing can be more certain than that France would not have aſſiſted Auſtria to deſtroy Pruſſia, for this plain reaſon, becauſe it is abſolutely contrary to her intereſt. Notwithſtanding their preſent alliance, the houſes of Bourbon and Auſtria are rivals, and muſt remain ſo, unleſs the dominion of Europe ſhould be very differently diſtributed: I am therefore firmly of opinion that our preſent alliance with the K. of P. has proved no leſs deſtructive to him than to us. If we had kept both our money and our troops upon our own iſland, nothing can be more certain than that the war would have been long ſince at an end: for, I repeat

peat it, the French would never have ſuffered the houſe of Auſtria to become too powerful in Germany, and on that conſideration would infallibly have ſupported the K. of P. Now experience has plainly ſhewn that we are infinitely ſuperior to France as a maritime power, and therefore ſhe could not have perſiſted in a war that muſt every day have involved her in greater difficulties. What then could be our inducement, not only to make alliances on the continent, but to become principals, ſubſiſting theſe mighty princes and all their mighty men? Perhaps it may not be in my power to anſwer this queſtion entirely to your ſatisfaction; but I may probably be able to preſent you with a clue that may lead you towards the true ſource of our preſent meaſures.

Our good old K—, you know, had a very great, and very natural affection for his native H——. The French knew it to be the apple of his eye, and they knew mankind too well to doubt the complaiſance of a ſervant towards his maſter's miſtreſs, whatever might be the private opi-

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nion of that ſervant: therefore it was eaſy for them to foreſee that if H. was attacked, it would certainly be defended. There was indeed, at that time, a very powerful advocate for a contrary ſyſtem; but they well remembered, that oppoſition and patriotiſm in England, meant nothing more than a deſire to be employed: they knew, that, with whatſoever intentions, ſyſtem or reſolution, a ſubject might take the reins into his hands, which road ſoever he might intend to drive, that there was a ſtring round his arm, and that his courſe would finally be determined by the man in the chariot. A Britiſh monarch has the uncontrolled diſpoſal of places, honours, preferments, &c. and therefore he runs no riſk of being much offended or long oppoſed; I mean as to the mode and manner of carrying national reſolutions into execution.

Now there is no doubt but the French are naturally and conſtitutionally ſtronger than we upon the land, and that it is therefore their intereſt, whenever we quarrel, to endeavour to engage us in a land war; but if this be true, it is certainly our intereſt to avoid

avoid it. That we were drawn into this wrong meaſure by our deſire to defend the Electorate, is beyond diſpute; but that the miniſtry ever intended to ſquander in its defence, ten times more than it is worth, cannot be imagined. In common life, what can be more uſual, than to ſee men gradually led to the perpetration of crimes or follies, into which nothing but that imperceptible gradation could have poſſibly deceived them. Now, Sir, miniſters are but men, whatever you may think. They are influenced by the ſame hopes, actuated by the ſame fallible reaſon, and liable to the ſame deceptions. Whilſt the late K. was living, it was thought neceſſary to oblige him, and protect his Electorate; but then it was to be done with all poſſible frugality, and without ſending any conſiderable number of Britiſh troops to the continent: this certainly was the plan in the beginning. After the French had been in poſſeſſion of Hanover about a year, you remember how ſhamefully they were drove out by a handful of Germans; and in conſequence of this ſucceſs, how natural was it for theſe Germans to ſuppoſe that with a very little more

more aſſiſtance from England, they would be able to drive the French to Paris, if not farther. A few regiments were accordingly granted, and landed on the continent under the command of lord G. S.

In the laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion of a Tyburn hero, it is no uncommon thing for the philoſophic author moſt judiciouſly to obſerve, that if his good friend the Devil had not ſtood at his elbow when he firſt ſhook the dice and turned them to his advantage in order to draw him in; if he had been ſo happy as to miſcarry in his firſt unlawful attempt, in all probability it would have diſcouraged him from proceeding in the wicked courſes which brought him to ſo ſhameful an end. You are not however to ſuppoſe that I intend to inſinuate my expectation of a ſimilar cataſtrophe: all I mean to hint by this reflection is, that our puſhing the German war with ſo much vigour is principally owing to the fatal battle of Minden: *fatal* to the Britiſh commander, *fatal* to the French general, *fatal* to poor Germany, and, I think *fatal* to England. If we had been defeated, as infalli-

bly we muſt have been, if fortune and M. Broglio had not conſpired to give us the victory, Hanover would immediately have been recovered by the French, and in all human probability, we ſhould never have attempted to diſpoſſeſs them. Whatever you may have been taught to think of the battle of Minden, and to what cauſe ſoever it might be owing, nothing can be more certain than that we were actually ſurpriſed: a conſiderable part of the army were aſleep in their tents when the battle began. As to lord G. cowardice was not the cauſe of his inaction: I am afraid it proceeded from a worſe motive. M. Broglio now commands the French army becauſe Contades was defeated: and if, on the contrary, we had been defeated, there is a moral certainty that lord G. S. would have been our preſent commander in chief, if the war had continued ſo long, which indeed I think an improbable ſuppoſition. All our German fellow ſoldiers allow that the victory was entirely owing to the amazing intrepidity of a poor handful of Britons: brave Britons! But what avails your bravery, if your victories are a diſſervice to your country?

Faith,

Faith, my friend, this is but a comfortleſs ſort of a reflection, after all our hardſhips, fatigues and dangers. But we are ſoldiers and not miniſters of ſtate, and ſo good night. I will continue my ſcribble in the morning if we do not march.

I am this moment returned from a forraging party, which is indeed the moſt diſagreeable of all duties. Do you know what I mean by a forraging party? I will inform you. You are not ignorant however that in ſummer, before the harveſt is over, it means the act of reaping where we did not ſow, for the uſe of our cavalry of all kinds; but in winter our manner of forraging is to enter a village without ceremony, and, regardleſs of the ſupplications, tears, and intreaties of men women and children, to rob the poor peaſant of all his ſtore of corn, hay, peaſe, beans, &c. which were his ſole dependence, and the ſcanty remains of an unprofitable harveſt. This is the manner in which we treat our friends, the poor Germans, for whoſe preſervation we are here aſſembled. Indeed they are pretty well convinced by this time, that they have rea-

ſon to curſe rather than pray for us. Upon my ſoul, they are vaſtly to be pitied! and the more ſo, becauſe, ſo long as we perſiſt in our ridiculous defence of Hanover, there will be no end of their ſufferings. I am not ſingular in my opinion of this matter; it is that of moſt of our intelligent people. We may fight, and beat the French as often as the moſt ſanguine Engliſhman may deſire, yet nothing can be more ſelf-evident than that we ſhall reap no advantage from beating them in Germany. Their avowed ſuperiority as to number of troops, and their eaſy method of recruiting, will annually renew our difficulties.

That Hanover has all the reaſon in the world to wiſh we had not taken upon us to defend it, is beyond all contradiction. Notwithſtanding all the horrid tales you may have heard of fire and ſword, rapes and maſſacres, I can aſſure you that in general the inhabitants were uſed with great humanity by the French army, and that we ourſelves have done them infinitely more miſchief; and as to France making a conqueſt of this paltry Electorate with a deſign to keep it,

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it is the moſt idle ſuppoſition that ever entered the brain of an Engliſhman. In ſhort, my friend, I fear we have been inadvertently led into this German war, by thoſe German warriors who have a great veneration for Engliſh gold, and who have little or nothing to loſe, let things go as they will. As to the landgrave of H—, he would ſacrifice every ſubject in his dominions for a preſent advantage. He is contented with the ſubſidy which he receives from England, and is very indifferent about the iſſue, being certain that he will, at laſt, be left in the quiet poſſeſſion of his dominions. The D. of Brunſwick is a conſiderable gainer by the war. His ſon, the hereditary prince, is indeed a very amiable young fellow, and I think, would not be ſorry to ſee an end to his inexpreſſible fatigues.

You aſk my opinion of prince F? In anſwer to which I ſhall give you a few remarks on our laſt campaign, from the minutes which I have occaſionally taken of our proceedings; but I muſt beg leave firſt to remind you, that theſe remarks are intended

tended only for your own private perusal. Prince F. has undoubtedly great abilities as a general; and if I should, now and then, take upon me to wonder at his proceedings, I would not have you forget, that all I say is nothing more than the reasonings of an insignificant officer, on the conduct of an experienced commander; which reasonings are the less to be depended on, as I must naturally be supposed to be entirely ignorant of his orders and intelligence, and can therefore judge only from appearance.

At the opening of the campaign we continued a considerable time inactive in our camp at Fritzlar, till having received intelligence that the French had taken the field; we struck our tents, and advanced to meet them. The hereditary prince, and general Imhoff, were advanced some leagues in our front, each with the command of a separate corps, and both watching the motions of the enemy. Imhoff was intrusted with the defence of a very important post, which however he was obliged to abandon before the grand army could possibly support him; and

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I am much miſtaken, if both he and the H. prince would not have been very roughly handled, had it not been for the lucky appearance of ſix Engliſh regiments which marched from the camp at Fritzlar the night before, by a different rout, and by that means deceived the enemy as to the march of our army. As the caſe now was, ſince we had loſt ſo much ground, and a very advantageous camp by Imhoff's retreat, we were forced to make the beſt of it; and after having brought off the two advanced corps, to fall back to Ziegenheim. Thus, by not ſupporting the laſt mentioned general in time, we loſt a very conſiderable tract of country, and every advantage of having taken the field before the enemy. This was indeed an affair of infinite importance to an army, which, it is very evident, was intended only to act defenſively: however, poor Imhoff bore the blame, and his diſgrace was the conſequence.

Our camp at Ziegenheim was a very ſtrong one, ſo that it was impoſſible for us to be attacked, but with great diſadvantage

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to the enemy, who were now encamped within three or four miles of us. M. de Broglio, therefore, left part of his tents ſtanding, and by that ſtratagem, marched off ſeveral hours before us. We moved alſo in the evening, but ſo ſlowly, that we ſuffered him to join M. de St. Germain, and to get poſſeſſion of the heights near Corbach in ſpite of the hereditary P. who, notwithſtanding the reinforcement of ſeveral battalions and ſquadrons, loſt fifteen pieces of cannon, and was obliged to retire in great confuſion. The reinforcement arrived too late to be of any ſervice. Thus we were outgeneral'd a ſecond time, and obliged to fix our head-quarters at Saxenhauſen inſtead of Corbach.

Here again, by throwing up ſeveral batteries, we made our camp ſo ſtrong, that we were ſuffered to continue three weeks without much moleſtation. At length, however, the enemy ſeemed determined to attack us, and marched towards us, in ſeveral columns; but we gave them the ſlip, by moving off in the night, continuing our

our retreat till we came to the neighbourhood of Caſſel: that city, however, we abandoned to the enemy; and to prevent their getting into Hanover before us, fell upon M. de Muy and defeated him; but in the mean time prince Xavier puſhed his way through Munden to Gottingen. Thus did we ſuffer ourſelves to be driven from pillar to poſt, till we had loſt the whole country of Heſſe and a part of Hanover; and thus have we finiſhed a tedious, and indeed a bloody campaign, greatly to our diſadvantage, without having made one ſingle effort of importance. You know our preſent ſituation, and you remember our winter-quarters of laſt year: by comparing one with the other, the neat produce of our labours will evidently appear.

During the preceding campaign, our army was much inferior, in numbers, to that of the enemy; and therefore all our defenſive manœuvres and retrogradations were thought to be the effects of prudence and conſummate generalſhip. But at the opening of the preſent campaign, our ima-

gination preſented us with a very different proſpect. We talked of nothing but the gates of Paris, or at leaſt the gates of Straſbourg. Our conſtant intimations from England, before we took the field, were, that the miniſtry had determined to puſh the German war, for one year more, with the utmoſt vigour; that the nation was thoroughly perſuaded of their integrity and political abilities, and that we might expect ſuch a reinforcement as would enable us to attack the French whereſoever we ſhould find them, and to drive them, in one campaign, entirely out of Germany.

It is impoſſible for me to expreſs the univerſal joy inſpired by this pleaſing expectation. Though it was difficult to forget the hardſhips of the preceding year, I do aſſure you that we expected the troops from England with great impatience, and wiſhed for nothing more ardently than a general order to take the field. I remember perfectly well, when our army was entirely aſſembled, I rode along the line with ſeveral of our diſtinguiſhed officers, whoſe general opinion it was,

was, that it was the fineſt army in the world; that prince F. now commanded a number of troops equal to his wiſh, and that we were able to oppoſe any army that could poſſibly be ſent againſt us. Notwithſtanding our being, in ſome degree, ſurpriſed at the battle of Minden, every one entertained a high opinion of prince F.'s abilities, and no body doubted of our ſucceſs. How our expectations have been anſwered is, alas! but too evident.

The greateſt generals of antiquity were never fond of very numerous armies, and indeed the greateſt actions have been performed by moderate ones. Cæſar was always inferior to his enemy in point of numbers, and, if I am not miſtaken, for I ſpeak only from memory, marſhal Saxe was of opinion, that forty thouſand men were equal to any force whatever. If our army had been commanded by the immortal Eugene, do you think he would have ſuffered himſelf to have been driven in this manner? I am morally certain he would not; I am convinced he would have found many opportunities of attacking the French during the progreſs of

this campaign, and I am as certain he would have been ſucceſsful.

I ſhould be ſorrow to inſinuate, or even to think any thing unjuſtly prejudicial to the character of any man; but really the abilities required in the commander of an army are ſo extraordinary, that they are very rarely to be met with: beſides ſelf-intereſt is ſo generally implanted in human nature, that it can hardly be thought unjuſt to ſuſpect its influence in any man living. Prince F. is a younger brother of no very conſiderable houſe, and without the leaſt inheritance. He is a general officer in the ſervice of his Pruſſian majeſty, an employment which is by no means adequate to the ſupport of his princely dignity. But, by our connections with the continent, he is raiſed to the command of a large army, and the deſpotic ſway of the whole country under its influence. That this is not only a very honourable, but a very lucrative employment, is beyond diſpute. As ſoon as the war is at an end, he muſt return to his former obſcurity. Is it not therefore his intereſt to protract the war? It certainly is. Not that I would affirm, that

theſe conſiderations have had any influence on his paſt conduct: all I would inſinuate is, that theſe matters are not unworthy the recollection of a Britiſh miniſtry, in their future deliberations on the neceſſity of continuing the German war.

That it is alſo M. Broglio's intereſt to prolong the war, is as incontrovertable, as well as that of many of his inferiors in the French army. Now, though the making of peace or war be not entirely in the power of either of theſe commanders, yet it is but reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that the councils at home are not a little influenced by the reports and opinions of the generals abroad; at leaſt, we know it to have been ſo frequently the caſe in former times, that nations have often been ſacrificed to the avarice and ambition of the commander of an army.

Nothing can be more apparent than that by continuing the war, both England and France muſt immerge themſelves in very great difficulties; and would it not be ſhameful that they ſhould be inadvertently perſuaded to their ruin by their own ſervants?

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Probably it may be ſaid, that if they both ſink, neither of them will have any thing to fear from the other: but can they be ſo infatuated as not to remember, that they have very reſpectable neighbours, who, whilſt they are weakening themſelves, are daily gathering ſtrength. But I muſt not forget your other queſtion.

You aſk me what I think of the M. of G. My opinion of him is, that he has the beſt heart in the world. He is indeed a moſt amiable man, extremely humane and condeſcending, brave and generous; but I cannot help ſaying, that he is too good-natured and unſuſpecting for his preſent employment. He is a dupe not only to thoſe German commanders, but to his friends, if I may call them ſuch, in England, who recommend people that are unworthy his protection. By this means his attendants are not generally men of abilities; and as they are the only conſpicuous folks, the Germans are made to conceive but a very indifferent opinion of our national character; and thus they are naturally led to imagine themſelves of too much importance. It hurts one to obſerve

our Britiſh commander ſo lightly eſteemed, in his military capacity, as never to be conſulted. There is ſomething extremely mortifying in the thought, that our own national chief is always as ignorant of what we are about, as the orderly ſergeant who attends him. Prince F. you know, ſtudied the art of war under a profeſſor, whoſe notions of deſpotiſm in all things, civil and military, are as unbounded as thoſe of an eaſtern, or any other monarch, that ever exiſted. Now though it be neceſſary that the commander of an army ſhould have abſolute power, yet conſidering who ſubſiſts this army, one might reaſonably expect a little more complaiſance towards our head: I mean in military matters; for as to mere compliment, both his lordſhip and all his retinue have enough of it. You may eaſily judge of the politeneſs of theſe German princes, by the chain of fulſome flattery contained in our public orders: in ſhort, they are too *civil* to be *military*, and too *military* to be *civil*.

I find the author of the Conſiderations is generally attacked on account of his having treated the K. of P. with ſo little ceremony.

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I am not at all ſurpriſed, that the people of England ſhould be offended to ſee their great proteſtant hero painted in colours ſo different from thoſe in which they had hitherto appeared; but there is really ſomething ſo abſurd and ridiculous in ſuppoſing, that the ſupport of the proteſtant religion could have the leaſt influence on a man of no religion at all, that I do not wonder the author ſhould give liberty to his pen in writing on that ſubject. As a king, he is undoubtedly great; but as a man, I cannot help ſaying, I think him amazingly little. Certainly he has a good head: but his heart, I fear, deſerves another epithet. I have lately converſed with ſeveral people who cannot but be well acquainted with his character, and I am ſorry to ſay, they unanimouſly ſpeak very ſparingly of his virtues. I readily grant, that there is great deference and reſpect due from an author to a king; but when a king becomes an author, he not only gives the world an undoubted right to judge of his works, but alſo to draw ſuch a character of him, as may reaſonably be gathered from his writings. Now thoſe who have read the K. of P.'s epiſtles muſt know, that he has philoſophiſed himſelf into a diſ-

belief

belief of every thing ſacred, even the exiſtance of his own ſoul. Hence there can be no impropriety in ſaying, that our *proteſtant* hero has no religion, I had almoſt ſaid no virtue; for, notwithſtanding all his parade of virtuous ſentiments, I can form no idea of the virtue of a man who believes that his body and ſoul will periſh together in the grave: nor can there be any abſurdity in ſuppoſing that ſuch a *proteſtant* will deſert us, and all mankind, the moment it ſhall be his intereſt ſo to do. Beſides, with what face can the pious chriſtians of England pray to heaven for ſucceſs to the arms of a profeſſed infidel? If they believe in their own religion and ſuppoſe that the Almighty will grant their requeſts, becauſe they are chriſtians and proteſtants, they muſt certainly, for the ſame reaſon, believe that he will rather favour the Empreſs queen, who, if ſhe be no proteſtant, is at leaſt a chriſtian, and believes ſhe has a ſoul. But if we have no hope in the effect of our prayers, and annual faſts, why then we are certainly not only a very fooliſh, but a very wicked people; for in that caſe, our ſupplications are

mockery to the Supreme Being, and we deſerve to be puniſhed for our inſolence.

Ay, ſays my friend, this may be all very true; but ſuppoſe you were to convince me that our alliance is an unfortunate one, and that we are carrying on the war upon a wrong plan, what better ſhould we be for being made ſenſible of our miſtake; how are we benefitted in being ſhewn that we are in a labyrinth, unleſs you can ſhew us the way out of it? To which I anſwer, that a thorough conviction that we are in an error, is a conſiderable ſtep towards amendment; but that there are no hopes ſo long as we continue obſtinately to perſuade ourſelves that we are in a right path. Suppoſe his majeſty of Great Britain and his parliament were perfectly convinced that we muſt either give up the K. of P. or by purſuing a deſtructive plan entirely ruin ourſelves; ſuppoſe I ſay that we were reduced to this alternative, how ought we in that caſe to determine? Need I give the anſwer? But ſuppoſe it ſhould appear that we might continue our annual tribute of ſix hundred and

ſeventy

ſeventy thouſand pounds to this great ally, and yet, by giving up Hanover, ſave half of our yearly expence; if this can be done, and certainly it may, what ſhould hinder its being done immediately? But then, you'll ſay, the French would have nothing to do but to march their army to the aſſiſtance of the Empreſs Queen, and ſo cruſh the K. of P. to atoms. This, I tell you again, is an idle ſuppoſition: the French are not ſuch fools. So far are they from wiſhing to deſtroy him, that if they were not otherwiſe employed, they would long ſince have obliged her to make peace with him. So ſtrongly am I perſuaded of this, that I am poſitive if at this inſtant we had reſolution enough to diſclaim all connections with the continent, a peace between the K. of P. and the Q. of Hungary would be the immediate conſequence. France aſſiſts the Queen for no other reaſon than to prevent him from aſſiſting us, and we aſſiſt the K. of P. to prevent her from aſſiſting France; therefore they will neither of them make peace until either the coffers of France or England are exhauſted.

Hanover, though a poor, is a very extenſive country, and therefore if it were poſſeſſed by the French, would take a very conſiderable army to ſecure it; which would employ a part of their army, whilſt ours would be at liberty to act on board our fleet in any manner that ſhould be thought beſt, and at the ſame time ſecure us from the apprehenſions of an invaſion. The troops of Heſſe and Brunſwick might be ſent to their reſpective homes, and the Hanoverians employed in Pruſſian garriſons, ready to take poſſeſſion of their own country, in caſe the French ſhould neglect to ſecure it by a ſufficient number of troops. Thus would our connections with Hanover, inſtead of being a burthen to us, become advantageous.

The ſalutary conſequences of ſuch a change of ſyſtem are ſo obvious, that I am amazed they do not ſtrike every unprejudiced mind with conviction; but how few people are there in the world who have reſolution enough to confeſs themſelves in an error! This, my friend, I fear, is the rock on which we have ſplit. But there is yet another circumſtance

ſtance which might induce us to give up Hanover to the French rather than defend it; and that is, its being ſo fatal to the troops in winter quarters. Whether it be owing to the climate, the ſoil, the proviſions, or whatſoever may be the cauſe, nothing can be more certain than that the French buried more men during their winter quarters in Hanover, than they have loſt in any one campaign ſince the war began. This country has alſo proved very deſtructive to our own people, which is but too evident from the amazing number of draughts we have, from time to time, received from England. Probably it may, in a great meaſure, be owing to the unwholſome method of heating their rooms, which by a quantity of turf crammed into a ſtove or oven, are generally kept exceſſively hot, at the ſame time that the air without doors is moſt intenſely cold. Now the ſudden tranſition from one to the other, ſeveral times a day, muſt deſtroy every conſtitution that has not been enured to it from infancy. Beſides, as there is no chimney in the room, the circulation of air is very ſlow, and as the whole family, peaſants,

ſants, children, ſervants, ſoldiers and wives, are all crowded into one little dirty hole, it muſt neceſſarily be extreamly unwholſome. The moment you open the door, the ſmell is ſo inconceivably offenſive, that as often as I viſit the quarters, it is not in my power to enter the room.

So that, upon the whole, the wiſeſt thing we could do, would be to ſave our own people by tranſporting them back to England, and leaving our enemies to rot in this rotten country. For, as to our romantic project of defending a vaſt deſart at an enormous expence, it is abſurd, extravagant and apparently impoſſible. This is the very kind of war in which the French wiſh to engage us, and therefore, from a known military maxim, it is that which we ought to avoid. They maintain their army at a much leſs expence than we maintain ours. It coſts them little more than it would do if it were in France. They have now no expenſive fleet. In ſhort, they never, ſince they were a nation, carried on a war upon a more frugal plan, and I am much afraid that we, on the

the contrary, never hit upon ſo expenſive a one. What reaſon therefore can there be to ſuppoſe that we can hold out longer than they? For that ſeems to be the only conteſt: the two nations are playing a game at brag; he whoſe purſe is firſt exhauſted muſt give out. As to the fighting part of the affair, it is evidently a mere farce. Whether we drive the French five miles eaſt, or they drive us as many weſt, is of no more conſequence towards ending the diſpute, than the colour of our cloaths. A battle gained, or a battle loſt, is of no more importance to England than one of Shakeſpear's battles upon the Drury-Lane Theatre, unleſs it proves a means of ſpinning out the war beyond our power to ſupport it, and then indeed, whether loſt or won, it is a real misfortune.

I am the leſs afraid of expreſſing myſelf with ſincerity upon this ſubject, becauſe you are very certain I am not influenced by any private conſideration. I am fond of an active life, and am bleſt with ſo good a conſtitution that no hardſhips affect me. You alſo know, that if I regard my fortune, I have

have all the reaſon in the world to wiſh a continuance of the war. But though I am a ſoldier, I have not ceaſed to be a Briton. I cannot bear to think that we have ſo fooliſhly fallen into the ſnare of our enemy, that we ſhould expend our very vitals in ſupport of a K. from whoſe ſucceſs we can reap no advantage, whoſe total annihilation would not in the leaſt affect us, who is the natural ally of France, and who has always treated our nation and our ſovereign with the moſt inſolent contempt. Yet more: I confeſs, it galls me to the ſoul, when I reflect that this gallant and powerful army ſhould be led to look our enemy in the face only with a deſign to let him triumph in our retreat, for we have done nothing but retreat during this whole campaign. If every officer in the army was an Alexander, a continued ſucceſſion of mortifying events, and tedious unprofitable campaigns, would naturally ſink their ſpirits. Does any citizen of London imagine that our paltry pay is an equivalent for the hardſhips we have ſuffered? Is there an alderman of them all, who would lie one rainy night upon the

ground

ground without any canopy but that of the angry heavens, for all the pay I have ever received? Yet how many of theſe comfortable nights have we all paſſed ſince we came to this wretched country! But theſe are trifling conſiderations: we are not to be told that theſe hardſhips are the natural attendants on a military life; we know they are, and have always chearfully ſubmitted to them: yet what Engliſhman, who has the leaſt drop of Engliſh blood in his veins, can help repining to find ourſelves uſed like mercenaries, in being ſent hither to fight for——what? Upon my honour I cannot tell, as long as I have been fighting, or rather running away, or rather both; for the whole campaign has been one continued running fight. In one reſpect, I am ſure, we bear a ſtrong reſemblance to mercenaries, for our hearts are not at all intereſted in the ſucceſs of our arms; and how is it poſſible they ſhould, when we have no conqueſt in view, nor territory to defend, but that which every Engliſhman ought to wiſh in any body's poſſeſſion rather than ours. Not that any natural cauſe can rationally be

aſſigned why Hanover being attached to the crown of Great Britain ſhould be detrimental to the latter; but if we are ſuch wretched politicians as to chuſe to make it ſo, the effect will be the ſame, whether it proceeds from a natural or artificial cauſe, whether from an inſeparable chain of political circumſtances, or from our own ſtupidity.

We may as well confeſs the truth: *John* is but a poor politician in matters that are not immediately relative to his own iſland, trade and government. He is too ſincere, and too credulous. Tell him but a diſmal ſtory of a cock and a bull, as how Lewis intends to conquer all the world, and all the moon; and forth marches John, with all his mighty men of valour, drubs poor Lewis for ten years together, and then ſhakes hands with him, ſcorning to take any advantage of a man in diſtreſs. Or if you happen to tell him of a poor queen, without a rag to her ——, a knight-errant beſet with enemies, a religion in danger, or poor virgins to be raviſhed, John makes no more ado, but, touched with the diſtreſſes of his fellow crea-

creatures, he mounts his *generous* ſteed, draws his ſword, and fights like a devil, right or wrong: but if any one ſhould pull him by the ſleeve, and ſay, *Why, honeſt John, you have miſtaken the matter, that diſtreſſed damſel is an ungrateful* brim; *ſhe intends to cut your throat* —— *Does ſhe, by G——d?* ſays John; then inſtantly turns his horſe about, and falls pell mell upon the poor woman.

Now, though John is no conjurer in theſe foreign politics, he is allowed, by every body, to be a man of ſtrict honeſty, and ſo ſcrupulouſly honourable, that he would ſooner ſpend every farthing he has in the world than deſert his friend. This reſolution certainly proceeds from a noble principle; but here again he betrays his want of judgment. If he was a ſingle man, nothing could be more laudable than to riſk his life, and ſacrifice his whole fortune for the ſake of his dear friend; but unhappily John does not conſider, that in his ruin are involved a poor wife, and a number of ſmall children, who the moment he be-

comes a bankrupt, will be reduced to aſk bread of his neighbours; and, if he was better acquainted with mankind, he would foreſee that the very friends, for whoſe ſake he was ruined, will rejoice in his misfortunes.

But poor John is no leſs overſeen in the choice of his ſervants. It happened not long ago, in the beginning of a quarrel with one of his neighbours, his affairs going badly, that he grew very low-ſpirited. As was natural in ſuch a caſe, he applied to his relations for advice. They humm'd and ha'd a conſiderable time, but none of them ſaid any thing to the purpoſe; at laſt his uncle Timothy roſe up, and with great elocution, and good ſenſe, told him, that his dejection was not at all to be wondered at, for his caſe was indeed ſo deplorable, that he was in great doubt whether it was poſſible to ſave him from perdition, and that it was all owing to his expenſive method of maintaining his quarrel with his neighbour Francis; "for, continued Timothy, your ſtewards have deceived you, in making you believe that your

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fortune, great as it is, cannot be exhauſted; it certainly can, and certainly will, in a very ſhort time, if you do not conduct your affairs in a different manner: you ought by all means to keep your mighty men at home for the defence of your own eſtate, and not drain your coffers, by ſending them to fight for you don't know whom, nor what. Leave the reſt of the world to decide their own quarrels; mind only your own buſineſs, and all may yet be well."

Poor John went home in great perplexity, for he had a good opinion of his old ſteward, and was very unwilling to diſcard him; but the whole family were ſo charmed with their uncle Timothy's wiſdom, and his new ſyſtem of politics, that they did not let John have a moment's reſt till he conſented to give the ſole management of his affairs to his uncle Timothy, who now became, as one may ſay, his prime miniſter. But whether it was owing to the irreſiſtable fate of poor John, or to whatever cauſe it may be aſcribed, his uncle Timothy not only purſued the old plan, but carried it infinitely farther than any of his

his predeceſſors: ſo that John's circumſtances are at preſent worſe than ever.

If you ſhould aſk how the reſt of the family were ſatisfied with a conduct, in uncle Timothy, ſo oppoſite to the tenor of his ſpeech, I muſt tell you, that in their hearts they were extremely diſſatisfied; but that they were aſhamed openly to diſapprove the conduct of a man, whom they had declared their guardian angel, and ſo lately extolled beyond all compariſon. To ſay the truth, uncle Timothy was a very ſenſible man, and had many virtues: he had a great affection for his maſter, paid but little regard to pomp and grandeur, and had a very laudable contempt for wealth. But the greateſt men of all ages have had their failings: Mr. Timothy was not ambitious of a fine houſe, a laced coat, a feather in his cap, a dozen cooks, or a ſplendid equipage: no, but he was ambitious of being thought a conſummate politician, and to that fatal ambition all his virtues fell a ſacrifice. He was proof againſt every thing except his own pride. He had not virtue enough to confeſs himſelf in an

an error. He foolifhly temporized with his aſſociates, and inſtead of perſuading them into his meaſures, was inadvertently drawn into theirs; and (ſorry am I to ſay it, for I have a ſincere regard for uncle Timothy's memory) though he was ſoon convinced of his miſtake, though he foreſaw, better than any of his enemies, that his meaſures muſt in the end prove ruinous to his maſter John, and though he would now have given his ears that he had ſtuck to his original plan; yet he had not reſolution enough to confeſs his miſtake, and change his ſyſtem.

In reading the hiſtory of honeſt John, with which I now and then amuſe myſelf, it appears, whenever he fell out with his neighbour Francis, that there were great debates in the family, whether John ſhould ſide with any of his other neighbours, and ſo fight Francis at a diſtance, or whether he ſhould keep within his own wooden wall, which encompaſſed his whole eſtate? This wooden wall was a very high one, and exceeding ſtrong, for which reaſon the moſt ſenſible part of the family conſtantly adviſed the latter;

ter; but, I know not how, John's evil deſtiny, together with his romantic inclination for aſſiſting the diſtreſſed, never failed to lead him out of his element, and he had always reaſon to repent of it. Now nothing can be more ſurpriſing than that John's curioſity ſhould not urge him to try one war with Francis upon the other plan, which has been ſo often adviſed, and which, I am perſuaded, would effectually anſwer John's expectations.

FINIS.